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MORBIUS THE LIVING VAMPIRE
IN
BLOODBATH!
DIRECT EDITION
00211
ALSO: DARKHOLD AND NIGHTSTALKERS

BLOODBATH

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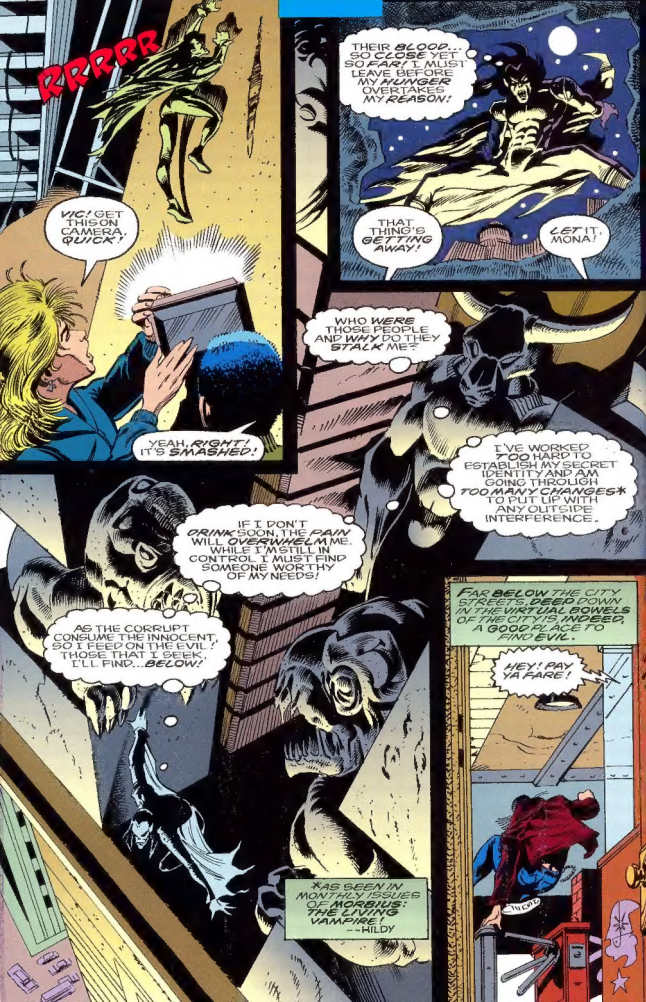
An experimental cure for a rare blood disease has transformed Nobel Prize-winning scientist *Dr. Michael Morbius* into the world's most fearsome predator — a *living vampire* who has sworn to never again drink the bloos of an innocent. Until he can find a cure for his affliction, he stalks New York City by night, preying upon the guilty — and wrestling with his own tortured conscience.
Stan Lee Presents. . .
MORBIUS THE LIVING VAMPIRE
THE LONG STAGNANT DUST IN THE ABANDONED BUILDING IS WHIPPED UP AS A WEIRD FIGURE SKIMS UP ITS WALLS.
THE PREDATOR HAS BECOME THE PREY...BUT NOT FOR LONG.
THOSE STRANGE LIGHTS... I AM BEING FOLLOWED!
WHOEVER... OR WHATEVER IS STALKING ME HAD BEST BEWARE, FOR I MUST QUENCH MY BLOOD LUST!
TONIGHT, MORBIUS SHALL FEAST DEEP AND LONG ON THE BLOOD OF THIS CITY'S HORDES!
BEFORE LONG, THE LIVING VAMPIRE WILL BE THE TARGET OF A HUNGER EVEN GREATER THAN HIS OWN AS HE FOLLOWS THE SCENT OF...
BLOODBATH!
MORT TODD WRITER • RURIK TYLER PENCILER • MALCOLM JONES III INKER • JANICE CHIANG LETTERER • JOHN KALISZ COLORIST

...ARE YOU SURE YOU SAW "IT" GO UP THESE STAIRS, MONA?!
TOTALLY! IT WAS A PALE, DEATHLY LOOKING CHARACTER.
IT WAS PROBABLY SOME JUNKIE PUNK ROCKER!... THIS IS THE LOWER EAST SIDE, Y'KNOW!
CLICK
MIGHT AS WELL TURN OFF THESE LIGHTS AND SAVE THE BATTERIES...
...THE PRESSURE OF THIS TV SHOW AND FINDING THE "SUBWAY VAMPIRE" KILLER HAS FINALLY GOTTEN TO YOU MS. McGUIRE... YOU'RE SEEIN' THINGS!
LAUGH NOW, LEM! OUR SHOW, AMERICA'S WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE, MAY NOT BE 60 MINUTES...
FLICK
...BUT WHEN I WIN MY NEXT EMMY, I'LL BE SURE TO NOT THANK YOU!
HEY, MONA! FLASH YOUR LIGHT OVER HERE... I THINK I SAW SOMETHIN' MOVE!
HSSSSSS
WHAT THE @*%&! IS THAT?!

LOOK OUT! IT'S ATTACKING!
AGGGGH
WOOOSH
I CAN'T KILL THESE MEDDLING FOOLS!
OH, MY C-CAMERA!
SO I WAS SEEING THINGS, LEM?! GET YOUR LIGHTS BACK ON!
THOUGH MEMBERS OF THE MEDIA, THEY DON'T QUALIFY AS GUILTY ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY MY SLAYING THEM!
KRASH


RRRRR
VIC! GET THIS ON CAMERA, QUICK!
YEAH, RIGHT! IT'S SMASHED!
THEIR BLOOD... SO CLOSE YET... SO FAR! I MUST LEAVE BEFORE MY HUNGER OVERTAKES MY REASON!
THAT THING'S GETTING AWAY!
LET IT, MONA!
WHO WERE THOSE PEOPLE AND WHY DO THEY STALK ME?
I'VE WORKED TOO HARD TO ESTABLISH MY SECRET IDENTITY AND AM GOING THROUGH TOO MANY CHANGES* TO PUT UP WITH ANY OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE.
IF I DON'T DRINK SOON, THE PAIN WILL OVERWHELM ME. WHILE I'M STILL IN CONTROL I MUST FIND SOMEONE WORTHY OF MY NEEDS!
AS THE CORRUPT CONSUME THE INNOCENT, SO I FEED ON THE EVIL! THOSE THAT I SEEK, I'LL FIND... BELOW!
FAR BELOW THE CITY STREETS DEEP DOWN IN THE VIRTUAL BOWELS OF THE CITY IS INDEED, A GOOD PLACE TO FIND EVIL.
HEY! PAY YA FARE!
THUD
*AS SEEN IN MONTHLY ISSUES OF MORBIUS: THE LIVING VAMPIRE! --HILDY

HAW HAW
"PAY YA FARE!" "UH, SURE!"
WHY'NCHA RAISE THE FARE AGAIN TO COVER MINE?!
HOLD IT! TRANSIT POLICE!
LET'S SEE SOME I.D.!
NO WAY!
OOF!
NO UNDERCOVERIN' PIG KOJAK IS GONNA NARC ME!
I'M A FIFTEEN TIME LOSER AND CAN'T RISK GETTIN' NAILED AGAIN!
AIN'T YA GONNA CHASE HIM DOWN?!
ME?! DOWN THEM UNUSED SUBWAY TUNNELS? USED TO BE A LOTTA HOMELESS LIVIN DOWN THERE... THEY STARTED SHOWIN' UP IN PIECES!
NAH... LET 'IM GO DOWN THERE! HE'LL GET SORTED OUT!
AND DEEP IN THAT DREAD, DARK TUNNEL...
I GUESS I SHOULD GET RIDDA ALL THESE WALLETS IN CASE I GET CAUGHT AGAIN!!
MAN! THE PICKIN'S ARE PRETTY GRIM LATELY. THE RECESSION IS STILL ON FOR POOR FOLK LIKE ME!
RUMBLE RUMBLE

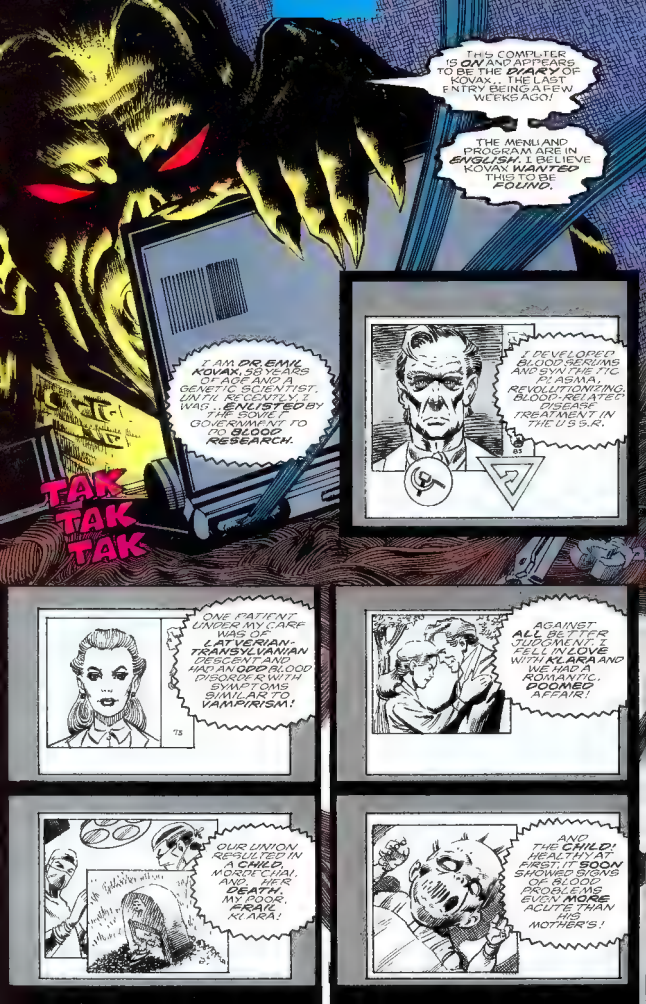
THAT EXPRESS TRAIN ON THE NEXT TRACK SPOOKED ME.
MADE ME DROP MY@#£*!IN' MONEY!
IS THAT A@#£*!IN' TRAIN OR--
WHAT THE@#£*!?! ARE YOU..?
TAKATAK TAKATAK TAKATAK
SCREEEEECCHH
YAAAAAHH!
@#£* OFF, YA @#£*!
I'LL CUT YOU UP, MAN! I'LL CUT YOU!
TAKKATTATAKKATTA SCR
AWWEEE YEE'AHHHH

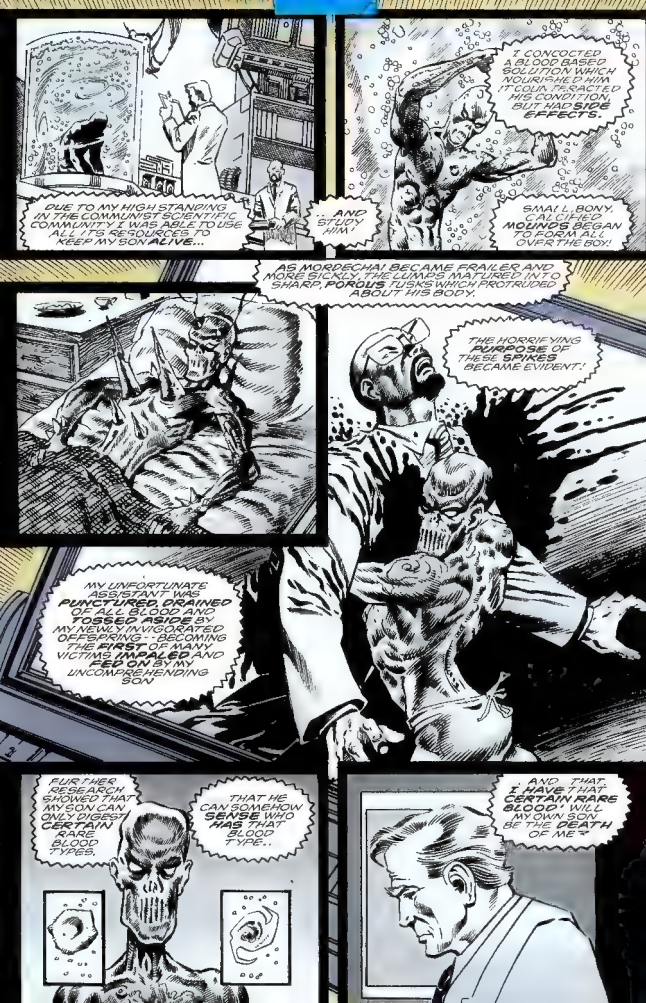
BEING SIDETRACKED BY THOSE PESTS COST ME VALUABLE NOCTURNAL TIME!
MY THIRST IS BECOMING SO GREAT, I BEGIN TO REGRET MY DISCRIMINATING DRINKING HABIT...
...YET I AM STILL NOT SO DESPERATE AS TO DISPATCH SUCH AN OBVIOUS AND PATHETIC VICTIM AS THIS BUM!
...AND SO, TO RECAP THIS SPECIAL EDITION OF AMERICA'S WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE...
BESOTTED FOOL! WHAT ARE--
NO! STAY AWAY! YAAAAHHH!!
NICS
NO!!
YOU!!
DAT SAVAGE SUBWAY VAMPIRE KILLER GUY!
...HERE AGAIN IS THE ARTIST'S INTERPRETATION OF OUR EXCLUSIVE EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT OF THE "SUBWAY VAMPIRE" KILLER!
WHAT'S...THIS?!

SKR-EE-RONK
NO!! NO!!
I WILL NOT HAVE MY EXISTENCE COMPROMISED! BLOOD WILL FLOW!!
REEE-U-NNCH
HEY, LEATHERBOY! THANKS FOR OPENING UP THAT VIDEO STORE AFTER HOURS FOR US.
YUM! WE'LL JUST GRAB A FEW THINGS WE NEED INSIDE...
...AND IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERIN', IT WILL BE OVER YOUR DEAD BODY!
FINALLY!
FOOLS!
ARE YOU SO MAD YOU DIDN'T REALIZE THAT WHEN I DID TO THOSE IRON GATES..
I CAN EASILY DO TO YOUR SPINES?!
SNAP KRAAK POP
YAAAAAAAA HEEEEEE
YES, HOWL! FOR YOU ARE TRULY CURSED!
AIII
CRY! NOT LIKE THE BABIES YOU WERE BORN AS, BUT WITH TORTURED WAILS LIKE YOU'VE HEARD FROM YOUR VICTIMS!
HAHHH! SUSTAINED BY THE SCURVIEST RABBITS OF EARTH, I "LIVE" FOR YET ANOTHER NIGHT! NOW I CAN PUT SOME ATTENTION TO THE IMMEDIATE MATTER AT HAND!
I SEE I CAN'T SOLVE THIS BY MENACING THE TV CREW..
...I MUST FIND THE "SUBWAY VAMPIRE KILLER I'M ACCUSED OF BEING!

WHAT ARE YOU? PORKY PIG?
THERE IS NO "SUBWAY VAMPIRE" KILLER.
LET'S BREAK IT UP! NOTHING TO SEE! THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!
NO VAMPIRE KILLER?! WHERE'S THE LATEST BODY?
DOES IT HAVE MASSIVE PUNCTURE WOUNDS LIKE THE OTHERS?
THERE'S NO BODY AND NO COMMENT!
BUT LURKING IN THE SHADOWS IS AN UNSEEN FIGURE...A HULKING MASS BARELY COMPREHENDING WHAT IS GOING ON BEFORE IT! INSTINCTIVELY, IT HIDES...
AND HUNTS!
IN A DAZE AND THROUGH A SWIRL OF CRIMSON, THE CREATURE ONLY KNOWS IT HAS A CRAVING...
...A CRAVING THAT CAN BE SATISFIED BY A SOURCE JUST AHEAD!
TIME PASSES... MICHAEL MORBIUS COLLECTS AS MUCH INFORMATION AS POSSIBLE CONCERNING THE MURDERS HE HAS BEEN LINKED TO.
POLICE STILL HAVE NOTHING TO SAY ABOUT THE SERIES OF SUBWAY SLAYINGS EXCEPT TO DENY IT IS THE WORK OF A VAMPIRE!
THE ATTACKS SEEM TO BE CONCENTRATED ALONG A LINE OF UNUSED SUBWAY TRACKS.
IT WILL SOON BE DUSK... AND TIME TO VISIT THOSE SUPPOSEDLY ABANDONED TUNNELS!
...POLICE WILL CLOSE ACCESS TO THE TUNNELS AFTER THE TRANSIT AUTHORITY OKAYS A COMMITTEE TO BE ESTABLISHED

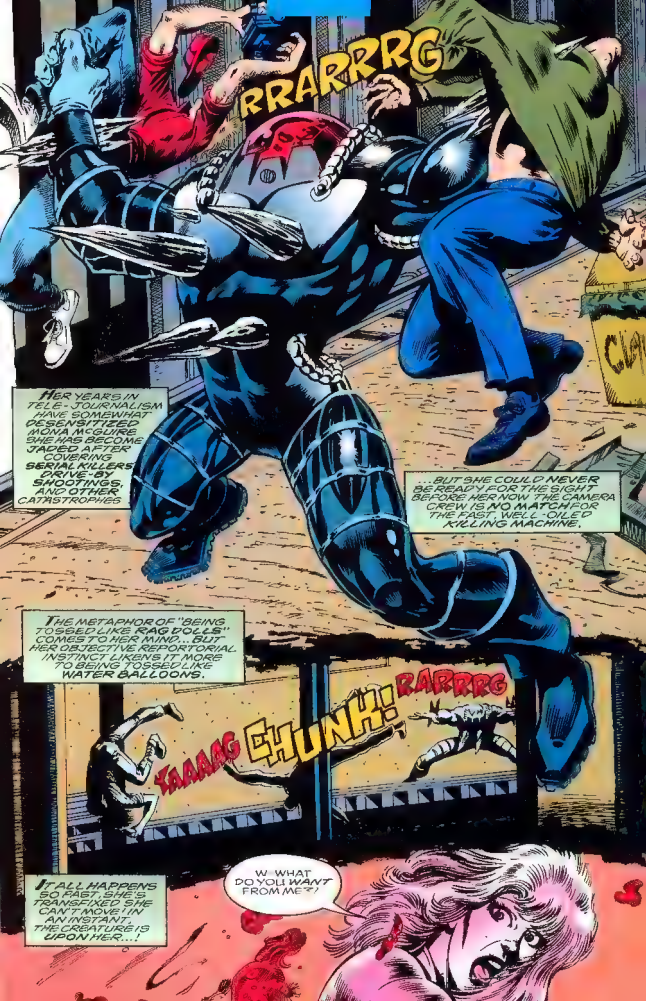
THE LIVING VAMPIRE'S SENSES ARE ASSAULTED BY THE ROT AND FILTH OF THOSE WHO LIVED AND DIED IN THE MAZE OF TUNNELS.
YES! HERE IT IS! LEADING FROM THE CRIME SCENE IS A FAINT BLOOD TRAIL THE POLICE COULDN'T OR WOULDN'T FOLLOW
THE SPLATTERS END ABRUPTLY HERE IN FRONT OF THIS ENORMOUS SLAB OF DEBRIS. I WONDER WHAT'S BEHIND IT!
THIS POSES NO BARRIER TO ONE LIKE MYSELF WHO HAS TOTAL MASTERY OF THEIR FORM! I CAN SEEP THROUGH THE RUBBLE AND. .
...THIS IS NOT WHAT I EXPECTED. THIS APPEARS TO BE A JURY RIGGED BUT FAIRLY STATE-OF-THE-ART LABORATORY POWERED BY ELECTRICITY BOOTED FROM THE RAILS!
ALONG WITH A GORED CORPSE OF NOT TOO RECENT VINTAGE
HMM MOST OF THIS EQUIPMENT LOOKS HAUNTINGLY FAMILIAR
UNBELIEVABLE! THIS BODY MUST BE DR EMIL KOVAX, THE FAMED SOVIET BLOOD SPECIALIST!...HE DISAPPEARED AFTER COMMUNISM FELL OUT OF FAVOR!
THINK WE'LL BUMP INTO YOUR VAMPIRE IN THIS TUNNEL, MONA?
I HOPE NOT.
OH, SIMMER DOWN, GUYS. WE'RE CLOSE TO SOMETHING... I CAN ALMOST SMELL IT!


THIS COMPUTER IS ON AND APPEARS TO BE THE DIARY OF KOVAX, THE LAST ENTRY BEING A FEW WEEKS AGO!
THE MENU AND PROGRAM ARE IN ENGLISH. I BELIEVE KOVAX WANTED THIS TO BE FOUND.
I AM DR. EMIL KOVAX, 58 YEARS OF AGE AND A GENETIC SCIENTIST, UNTIL RECENTLY, I WAS ENLISTED BY THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT TO DO BLOOD RESEARCH.
I DEVELOPED BLOOD SERUMS AND SYNTHETIC PLASMA, REVOLUTIONIZING BLOOD-RELATED DISEASE TREATMENT IN THE U.S.S.R.
TAK TAK TAK
ONE PATIENT UNDER MY CARE WAS OF LATVERIAN-TRANSYLVANIAN DESCENT AND HAD AN OPPALOOD DISORDER WITH SYMPTOMS SIMILAR TO VAMPIRISM!
AGAINST ALL BETTER JUDGMENT, I FELL IN LOVE WITH KLARA AND WE HAD A ROMANTIC, DOOMED AFFAIR!
OUR UNION RESULTED IN A CHILD, MORDECHAI, AND HER DEATH. MY POOR, FRAIL KLARA!
AND THE CHILD! HEALTHY AT FIRST, IT SOON SHOWED SIGNS OF BLOOD PROBLEMS EVEN MORE ACUTE THAN HIS MOTHER'S!

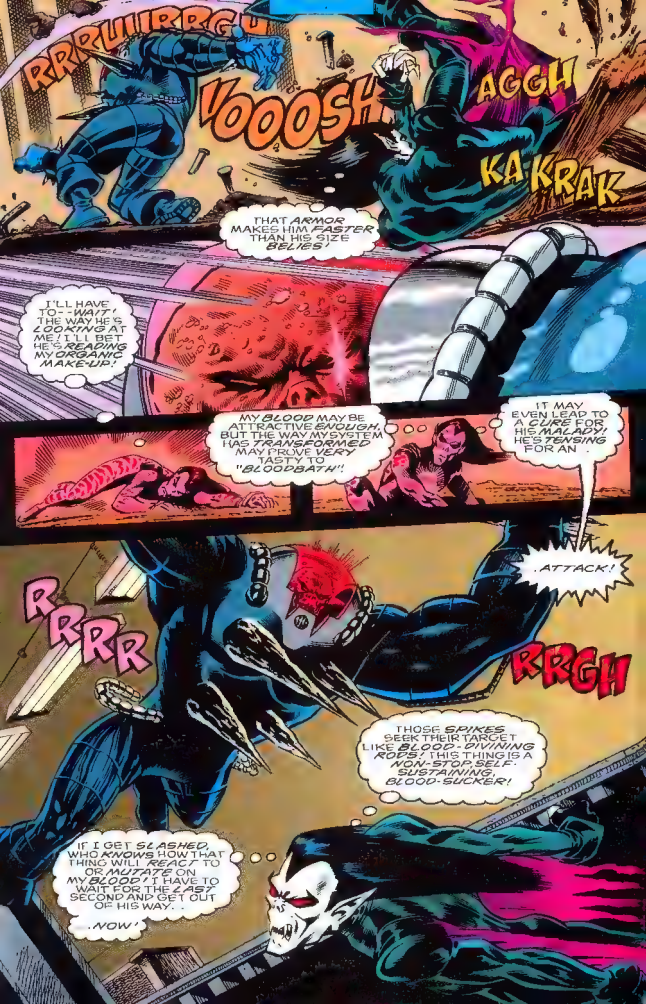

DUE TO MY HIGH STANDING IN THE COMMUNIST SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY, I WAS ABLE TO USE ALL TO RESOURCES TO KEEP MY SON ALIVE...
AND STUDY HIM.
I CONCOCTED A BLOOD BASED SOLUTION WHICH NOURISHED HIM. IT COULD REACTED TO CONDITION, BUT HAD SIDE EFFECTS.
SMALL, BONY, CALCIFIED MOLDINGS BEGAN TO FORM ALL OVER THE BOY!
AS MORDECHAI BECAME FRAILER AND MORE SKELETAL, THE SMALL, SHARP, POROUS TUSKS WHICH PROTRUDED ABOUT HIS BODY,
THE HORRIFYING PURPOSE OF THESE SPIKES BECAME EVIDENT!
MY UNFORTUNATE ASSISTANT WAS PUNCTURED, DRAINED OF ALL BLOOD AND TOSSED ASIDE BY MY NEWLY INVIGORATED OFFSPRING - BECOMING THE FIRST OF MANY VICTIMS IMPALED AND FED ON BY MY UNCOMPREHENDING SON!
FURTHER RESEARCH SHOWED THAT MY SON CAN ONLY DIGEST CERTAIN RARE BLOOD TYPES.
THAT HE CAN SOMEHOW SENSE WHO HAS THAT BLOOD TYPE..
AND THAT I HAVE THAT CERTAIN RARE BLOOD! WILL MY OWN SON BE THE DEATH OF ME?

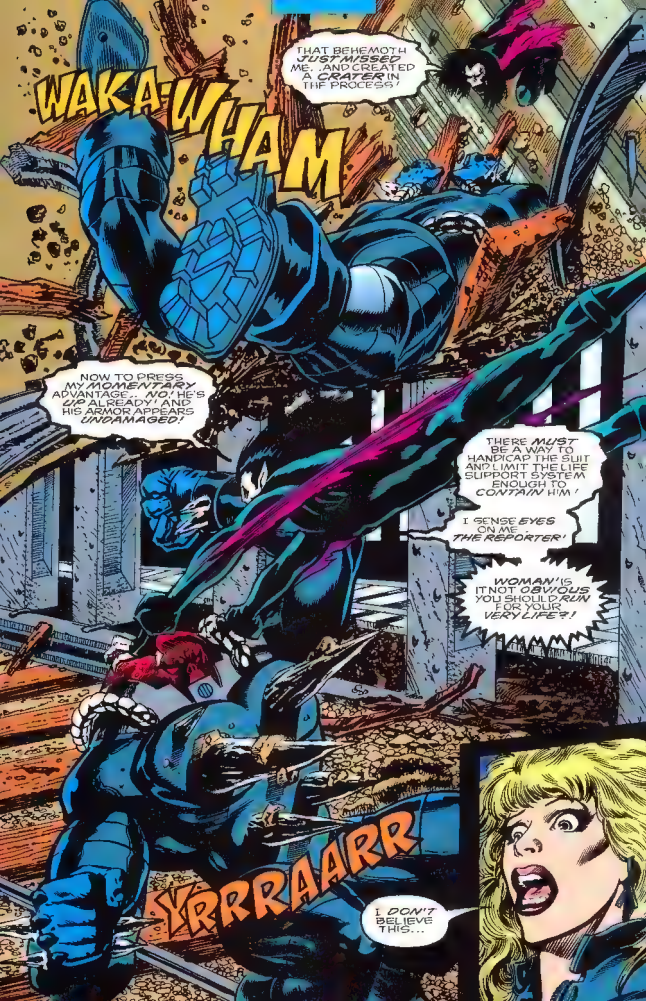
THAT LITTLE TRICKLE OF BLOOD JUST ENDS DOWN HERE!
CRUNCH!
UH OH! I HOPE THAT AIN'T TRANSIT COPS HERE TO NAB US!
IT AIN'T.
I BUILT A PROTECTIVE EXO-SKELETON ARMOR WHICH CONTINUALLY BATHED MY SON IN SYNTHETIC CHEMICALS AS WELL AS MAKING HIM AMBULATORY. I ONLY WANTED THE BEST FOR HIM. MY MISTAKE.
YOU SEE, I FORESAW THE END OF THE OPPRESSIVE COMMUNIST REGIME AND MADE PREPARATIONS
THROUGH AN ELABORATE SCHEME, I SMUGGLED MY CHILD AND MYSELF TO AMERICA THROUGH OLD NAGG'TIES I LEARNED OF THESE ABANDONED SUBWAY TRACKS
I SET UP A RAG TAG LABORATORY AND SET UPON MY MAIN MISSION: TO CURE MY SON.
THOUGH MY SYNTHETIC CHEMICALS SUSTAINED HIM, MORBIDLY, I STILL MADLY CRAVED REAL BLOOD.

MY PRIMARY REASON FOR COMING TO THE STATES WAS TO SOLICIT THE EMINENT AMERICAN BLOOD SPECIALIST, DR MICHAEL MORBIUS. I'VE READ MUCH OF HIM IN OUR COLLEGE'S CONFISCATED AMERICAN SCIENCE JOURNALS...
I WAS CRUSHED TO LEARN HE HAD VANISHED. MORBIUS WAS MY LAST HOPE FOR CURING MY SON... WHO I'VE NOW TRANSFORMED INTO AN UNSTOPPABLE TECHNO-VAMPIRE!
MORDECHAI'S APPETITE IS INCREASING! I AM ALMOST OUT OF MY SERUMS FOR HIM AND I ASSUME I WILL SOON AGAIN BE WITH KLARA! IT MUST DESTROY MY ONLY CHILD.
...FOR IF HE GETS FREE, IT WILL BE CURTAINS FOR A ONE-MAN BLOODBATH!
THAT'S HIS LAST ENTRY
@#€%! WE'RE GONNA GET KILLED!
OH MAN OH MAN! THIS FOOTAGE IS GONNA MAKE ME... OR MY HEIRS RICH! I'D RUN, BUT I'M TOO @#€%! SCARED!
I'M GONNA KILL YOU IF YOU'RE NOT TAPING THIS
URRRRGH
FWASH
RUN, MONA, RU-ARRRRGH!


RRARRRG
HER YEARS IN TELE-JOURNALISM HAVE SOMEWHAT DESENSITIZED NORA MCGUIRE. SHE HAS BECOME JADED TO HER COVERING SERIAL KILLERS, CRIME-BY-SHOOTINGS, AND OTHER CATASTROPHES.
BUT SHE COULD NEVER BE READY FOR THE SIGHT BEFORE HER NOW. THE CAMERA CREW IS NO MATCH FOR THE FAST, WELL-OILED KILLING MACHINE.
THE METAPHOR OF "BEING TOSSED LIKE RAG DOLLS" COMES TO HER MIND... BUT HER OBJECTIVE REPORTORIAL INSTINCTS MORE TO BEING TOSSED LIKE WATER BALLOONS.
YAAAAG
CHUNK!
RARRRG
IT ALL HAPPENS SO FAST, SHE'S TRANSFIXED. SHE CAN'T MOVE! IN AN INSTANT, THE CREATURE IS UPON HER...!
W-WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!

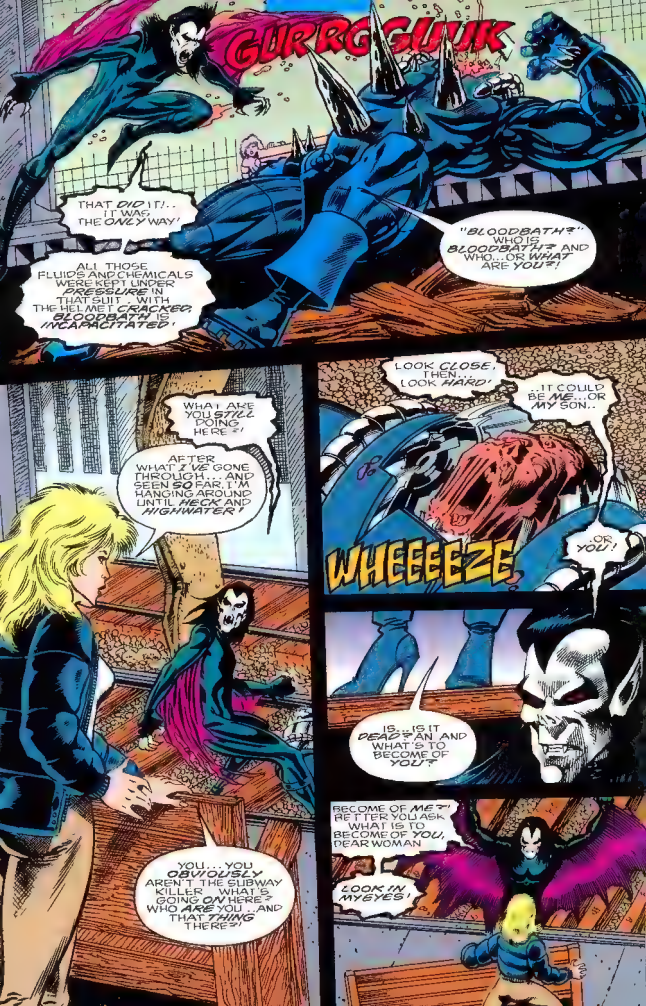
KRAAK
KOOMM
HOLD IT, BLOODBATHER! YOU WON'T WASH WITH THE LIFE SAP OF THE INNOCENT ANY MORE!
THOUGH YOU MAY BE NO MORE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR ACTIONS THAN A WILD ANIMAL.. YOU MUST BE KEPT IN CHECK!
OUR ACQUAINTANCE SEEMS TO BE FATED BY YOUR FATHER, MORDECHAI KOVAX! CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ME?
I WAS TO BE YOUR SAVIOR AND CURE YOUR SUFFERING! I PRAY I CAN HELP YOU, BUT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. .
...I PROMISE TO BRING YOU FINAL PEACE!
RRRUUURRRG?

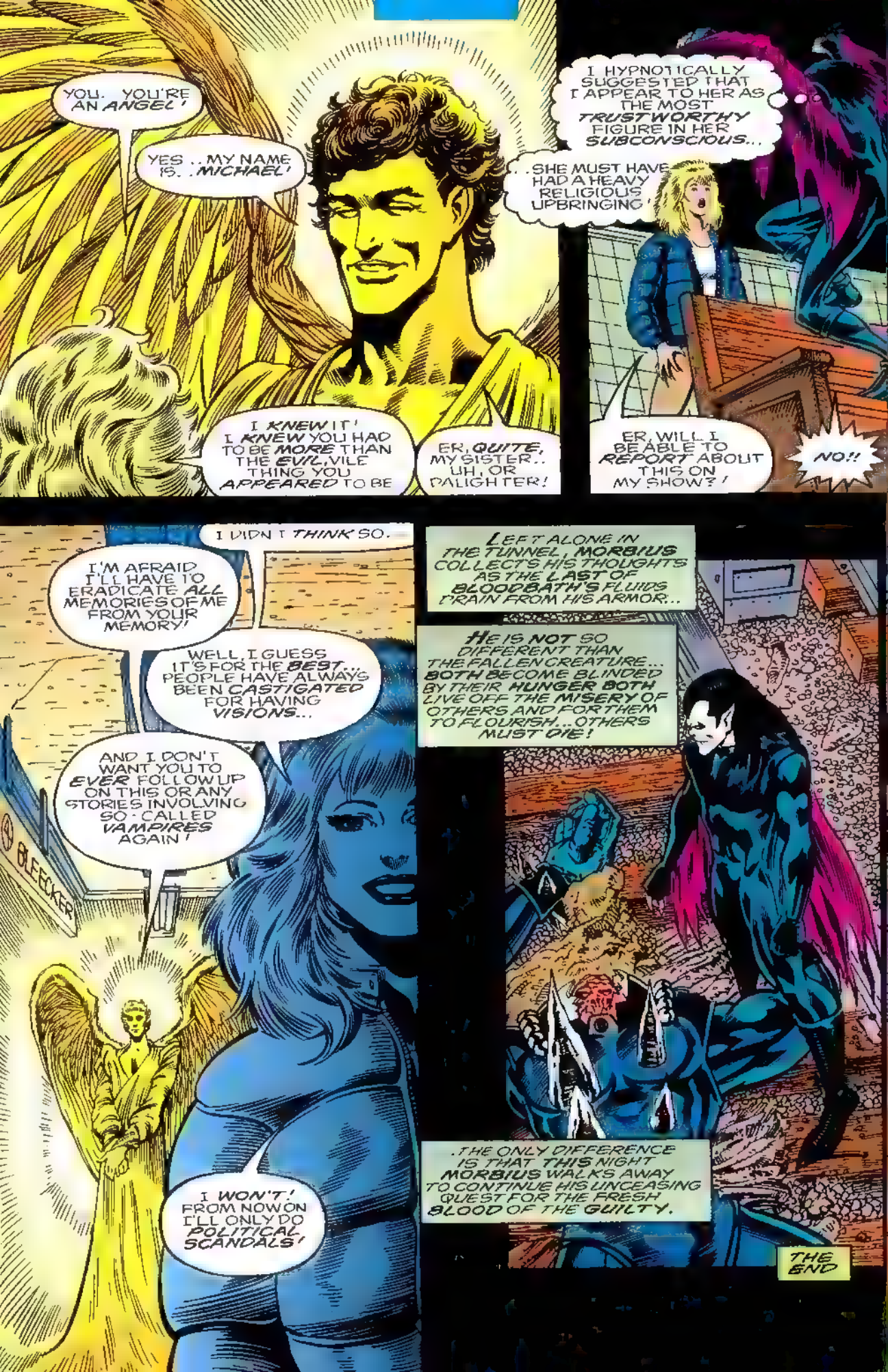

RRRUIRRGU
VOOOSH
AGGH
KA KRAK
THAT ARMOR MAKES HIM FASTER THAN HIS SIZE BELIES!
I'LL HAVE TO--WAIT! THE WAY HE'S LOOKING AT ME! I'LL BET HE'S READING MY ORGANIC MAKE-UP!
MY BLOOD MAY BE ATTRACTIVE ENOUGH, BUT THE WAY MY SYSTEM HAS TRANSFORMED MAY PROVE VERY TASTY TO "BLOODBATH"!
IT MAY EVEN LEAD TO A CURE FOR HIS MALADY! HE'S TENSING FOR AN .
.ATTACK!
R R R R
RRGH
THOSE SPIKES SEEK THEIR TARGET LIKE BLOOD-DIVINING RODS! THIS THING IS A NON-STOP, SELF-SUSTAINING, BLOOD-SUCKER!
IF I GET SLASHED, WHO KNOWS HOW THAT THING WILL REACT TO OR MUTATE ON MY BLOOD! I HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE LAST SECOND AND GET OUT OF HIS WAY.
.NOW!


WAKA-WHAM
THAT BEHEMOTH JUST MISSED ME, AND CREATED A CRATER IN THE PROCESS!
NOW TO PRESS MY MOMENTARY ADVANTAGE... NO! HE'S UP ALREADY, AND HIS ARMOR APPEARS UNDAMAGED!
THERE MUST BE A WAY TO HANDICAP THE SUIT AND LIMIT THE LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEM ENOUGH TO CONTAIN HIM!
I SENSE EYES ON ME... THE REPORTER!
WOMAN! IS IT NOT OBVIOUS YOU SHOULD RUN FOR YOUR VERY LIFE?!
SYRRRAARR
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS...

CHUD!!
NOW! BEFOR... AGGGH!!
SKKKRAAAZZK
FOOLISH GIRL WHY IS IT ALWAYS THOSE WHO ARE YOUNG AND FULL OF LIFE ARE SO EAGER TO GIVE IT UP?
THOOM!
THE YOUNG CAN BE SO SELF-DESTRUCTIVE... THEIR INEXPERIENCE CAN LEAD TO VIOLENCE, WAR...
DEATH!
CRIME... DRUGS...

KRAK
ARRRGK
I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO BREACH THE ARMOR! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THIS MONSTER!
I'M TRYING TO FIND SOME WEAK LINK IN THE SUIT BUT SEEMS INDESTRUCTIBLE!
RRRARRH
HE'S...PULLING ME...CLOSER...AND CLOSER...TO HIS SPIKES! THEY SEEM INDESTRUCTIBLE AS WELL!
AAAARRRRGGGKKK!
THAT'S IT!
I USE ONE OF HIS WRIST SPIKES TO SHATTER HIS HELMET!
SPLOOSH
GOT HIS ARM JUST AS HE WAS GOING TO STRIKE ME!
IF I CAN JUST TWIST IT BACK BEFORE HE CAN REACT AND...
RRRUUREEARRRGAK
CHUNK


GURRG GUUK
THAT DID IT!.. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY!
ALL THOSE FLUIDS AND CHEMICALS WERE KEPT UNDER PRESSURE IN THAT SUIT - WITH THE HELMET CRACKED, BLOODBATH IS INCAPACITATED!
"BLOODBATH?" WHO IS BLOODBATH? AND WHO...OR WHAT ARE YOU?!
LOOK CLOSE, THEN LOOK HARD!
..IT COULD BE ME...OR MY SON..
WHEEEEZE
..OR YOU!
WHAT ARE YOU STILL DOING HERE?!
AFTER WHAT I'VE GONE THROUGH, AND SEEN SO FAR, I'M HANGING AROUND UNTIL MECK AND HIGHWATER!
IS...IS IT DEAD? AN AND WHAT'S TO BECOME OF YOU?
BECOME OF ME?! BETTER YOU ASK WHAT IS TO BECOME OF YOU, DEAR WOMAN.
LOOK IN MY EYES!
YOU...YOU OBVIOUSLY AREN'T THE SLUBWAY KILLER. WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO ARE YOU, AND THAT THING THERE?!

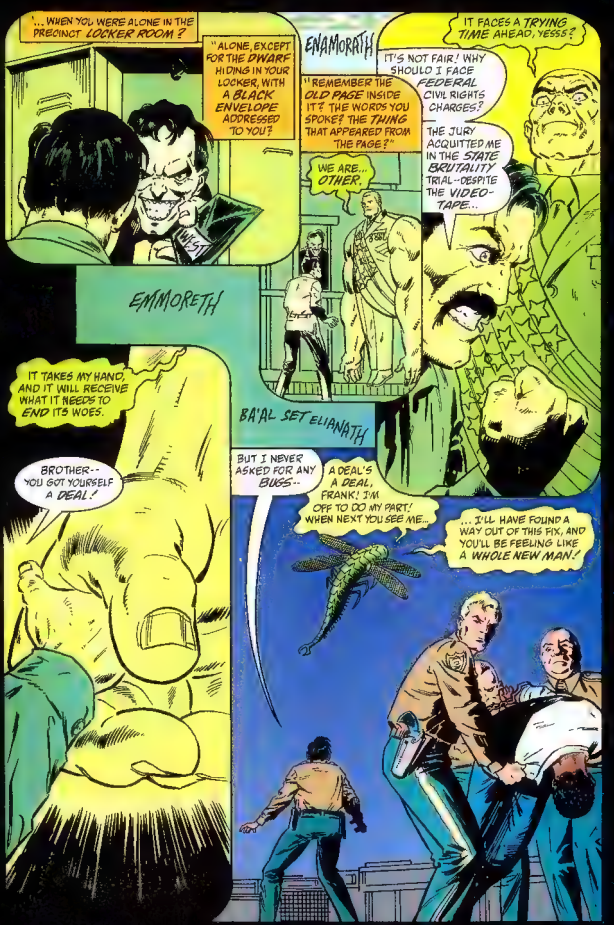

YOU.. YOU'RE AN ANGEL!
YES.. MY NAME IS.. MICHAEL!
I KNEW IT! I KNEW YOU HAD TO BE MORE THAN THE EVIL, VILE THING YOU APPEARED TO BE
ER, QUITE, MY SISTER.. UH, OR DAUGHTER!
I HYPNOTICALLY SUGGESTED THAT I APPEAR TO HER AS THE MOST TRUSTWORTHY FIGURE IN HER SUBCONSCIOUS...
..SHE MUST HAVE HAD A HEAVY RELIGIOUS UPBRINGING!
ER, WILL I BE ABLE TO REPORT ABOUT THIS ON MY SHOW?!
NO!!
I DIDN'T THINK SO.
I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO ERADICATE ALL MEMORIES OF ME FROM YOUR MEMORY!
WELL, I GUESS IT'S FOR THE BEST... PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN CASTIGATED FOR HAVING VISIONS...
AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO EVER FOLLOW UP ON THIS OR ANY STORIES INVOLVING SO-CALLED VAMPIRES AGAIN!
BLEECKER
I WON'T! FROM NOW ON I'LL ONLY DO POLITICAL SCANDALS!
LEFT ALONE IN THE TUNNEL, MORBIUS COLLECTS HIS THOUGHTS AS THE LAST OF BLOODBATH'S FLUIDS DRAIN FROM HIS ARMOR...
HE IS NOT SO DIFFERENT THAN THE FALLEN CREATURE... BOTH BECOME BLINDED BY THEIR HUNGER BOTH LIVE OFF THE MISERY OF OTHERS AND FOR THEM TO FLOURISH... OTHERS MUST DIE!
THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT THIS NIGHT MORBIUS WALKS AWAY TO CONTINUE HIS UNCEASING QUEST FOR THE FRESH BLOOD OF THE GUILTY.
THE END

YO, YOU GETTIN' THIS, VICKI? 'CAUSE ONCE GRAN BLOWS 'EM OUT, I AIN'T LIGHTIN' ALL 200 AGAIN!
I HEAR SIRENS HEADING THIS WAY.
BUFFOONS
PAY SAM AND JINX NO MIND, LOUISE. THEY'RE JUST JEALOUS
THEY WISH THEY COULD CHASE AFTER DARKHOLD PAGES AT YOUR AGE
WHAT'S THE MATTER? SHE RUN OUT OF TAPE?
SHE'S HAVING ONE OF HER VISIONS ABOUT A DARKHOLD PAGE!
VICKI--CAN YOU TELL US WHERE THIS ONE IS?
YES..
VICKI!
GOOD HEAVENS.
AND STILL LOOK 50, SO..

THE ANCIENTS THOUGHT THAT SCATTERING ITS INDESTRUCTIBLE PAGES WOULD END THE EVIL. . .END THE ATROCITIES AUTHORED BY THE EVIL ELDER GOD CHTHON. BUT NOW SOMEONE IS DELIVERING THOSE PAGES INTO UNSUSPECTING HANDS, BRINGING A TERRIBLE CURSE TO EACH DOOMED SOUL THAT USES THEM. NOW THE STRUGGLE BEGINS TO REDEEM THE PAGES — BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! STAN LEE PRESENTS . . .

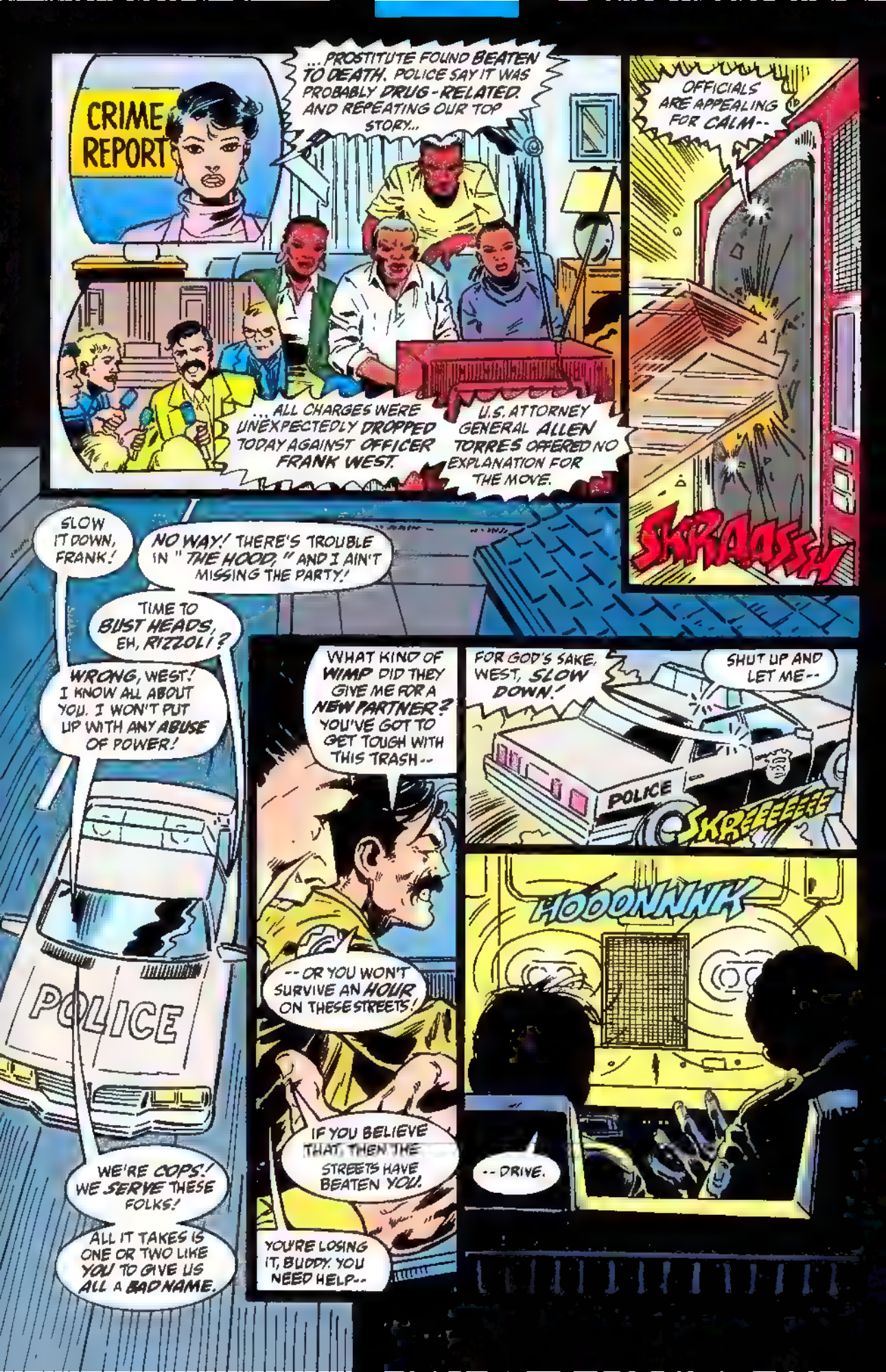
.. NOT ONLY THAT, BUT I MISSED THE BASKET-BALL GAME!
OH, IT WAS A BEAUTY, FRANK AND ME, WE WATCHED IT AT JY'S
SPEAKING OF FRANK.. LOOKS LIKE HIS LEGAL TROUBLES HAVEN'T DAMPENED HIS SPIRITS.
GOOD OL' FRANK! NOW THAT'S A COP WHO LOVES HIS JOB.
HAD ENOUGH, PAL?
OOOH--IT'S GIVING WAY.
EH?
HEY, SOMEBODY'S GOTTA KEEP THE RIFF-RAFF IN LINE!
SO TIGHT.. I CAN FEEL IT.. IT'S GIVING...
SKRIP
FREE! I'M FREE!

OH, STOP GAPING, FRANK. YOUR FRIENDS CAN'T SEE OR HEAR ME...
...BUT THEY'RE BOUND TO NOTICE YOUR "HOME ALONE" IMPRESSION IF YOU DON'T QUIT IT.
WHAT... ARE YOU?
SIGH! A TROID WASN'T ANY OF THIS EXPLAINED TO YOU?
WE LIVE INSIDE EVERYBODY... ALMOST. WE INCUBATE, FEEDING ON THE FEAR AND HUMILIATION OF OUR HOST, UNTIL WE HATCH.
THE PROBLEM FOR US TROIDS IS SKIN. SKIN IS AN IMPENETRABLE BARRIER TO US...
...EXCEPT WHEN IT'S BEEN "TENDERIZED" BY PHYSICAL ABUSE--SAY, A BEATING.
ONLY THEN CAN WE BREAK FREE--THOUGH WE STILL CAN NEITHER AFFECT NOR BE PERCEIVED BY THE WORLD AT LARGE.
YOU, OF COURSE, CAN SEE US, THANKS TO THE PROVISIONS OF THE AGREEMENT.
A-AGREEMENT?
C'MON, FRANK. DON'T BE COY.
SURELY YOU REMEMBER LAST NIGHT.

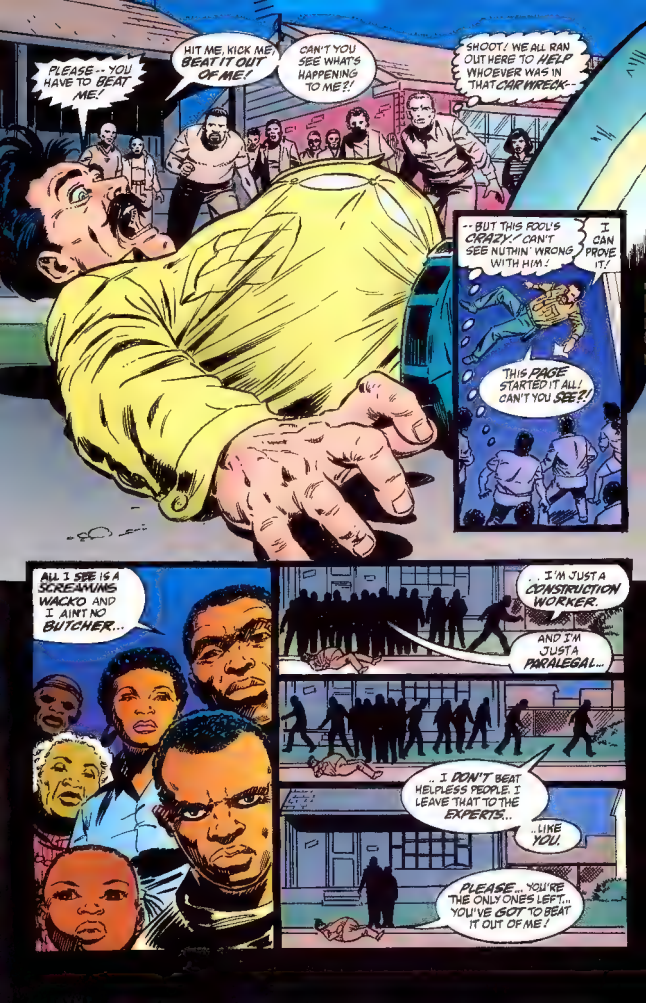

"...WHEN YOU WERE ALONE IN THE PRECINCT LOCKER ROOM?
"ALONE, EXCEPT FOR THE DWARF HIDING IN YOUR LOCKER, WITH A BLACK ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO YOU?
ENAMORATH
"REMEMBER THE OLD PAGE INSIDE IT? THE WORDS YOU SPOKE? THE THING THAT APPEARED FROM THE PAGE?"
WE ARE. OTHER.
IT FACES A TRYING TIME AHEAD, YESSS?
IT'S NOT FAIR! WHY SHOULD I FACE FEDERAL CIVIL RIGHTS CHARGES?
THE JURY ACQUITTED ME IN THE STATE BRUTALITY TRIAL--DESPITE THE VIDEO-TAPE..
EMMORETH
IT TAKES MY HAND, AND IT WILL RECEIVE WHAT IT NEEDS TO END ITS WOES.
BA'AL SET ELIANATH
BROTHER-- YOU GOT YOURSELF A DEAL!
BUT I NEVER ASKED FOR ANY BUSS--
A DEAL'S A DEAL, FRANK! I'M OFF TO DO MY PART! WHEN NEXT YOU SEE ME...
...I'LL HAVE FOUND A WAY OUT OF THIS FIX, AND YOU'LL BE FEELING LIKE A WHOLE NEW MAN!

A FEW DAYS LATER...
NEXT TIME I CATCH YOU WORKIN' THE STREETS, CARMEN, I'M GONNA HAVE TO RUN YOU IN.
YOU SAY THAT EVERY TIME, FRANK--AND WE ALWAYS END UP HERE.
YEAH, WELL--
FRANK.
HOLEE--!
WHERE THE @#$% DID ALL YOU BUSS COME FROM?
FROM YOU, FRANK. FROM YOUR YEARS ON THE FORCE.
THINK OF ALL THE "DISCIPLINE" YOU HAD TO ADMINISTER...
THE SKIN YOU "TENDERIZED"... THE FEAR YOU STRUCK INTO ENTIRE COMMUNITIES.
YOU ARE FERTILE, MY QUEEN; WELL SUITED TO YOUR ROLE.
WHAT DID YOU CALL ME?

NOTHING. WITH OUR NUMBERS, WE WERE ABLE TO WATCH TORRES, THE PROSECUTOR ON YOUR CASE, ROUND THE CLOCK.
HE'S HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH A 16-YEAR OLD.
WE CAN GIVE YOU NAMES, DATES, AND--
WAIT.
WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?
SHE CAN SEE US.
MOST PEOPLE CAN'T SEE US, BUT EVERY SO OFTEN, THERE'S ONE WHO CAN.
GET HER, FRANK! GET HER!
GET HER, FRANK!
GET HER!
GET HER!
GET HER, FRANK!
T-FRANK?
THWUK
AAAH!


CRIME REPORT
...PROSTITUTE FOUND BEATEN TO DEATH. POLICE SAY IT WAS PROBABLY DRUG-RELATED. AND REPEATING OUR TOP STORY...
...ALL CHARGES WERE UNEXPECTEDLY DROPPED TODAY AGAINST OFFICER FRANK WEST.
U.S. ATTORNEY GENERAL ALLEN TORRES OFFERED NO EXPLANATION FOR THE MOVE.
OFFICIALS ARE APPEALING FOR CALM--
SKRAASSH
SLOW IT DOWN, FRANK!
NO WAY! THERE'S TROUBLE IN "THE HOOD," AND I AIN'T MISSING THE PARTY!
TIME TO BUST HEADS, EH, RIZZOLI?
WRONG, WEST! I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU. I WON'T PUT UP WITH ANY ABUSE OF POWER!
POLICE
WE'RE COPS! WE SERVE THESE FOLKS!
ALL IT TAKES IS ONE OR TWO LIKE YOU TO GIVE US ALL A BAD NAME.
WHAT KIND OF WIMP DID THEY GIVE ME FOR A NEW PARTNER? YOU'VE GOT TO GET TOUGH WITH THIS TRASH--
-- OR YOU WON'T SURVIVE AN HOUR ON THESE STREETS!
IF YOU BELIEVE THAT, THEN THE STREETS HAVE BEATEN YOU!
YOU'RE LOSING IT, BUDDY. YOU NEED HELP--
FOR GOD'S SAKE, WEST, SLOW DOWN!
SHUT UP AND LET ME--
POLICE
SKREEEEEE
HOOONNNK
-- DRIVE.

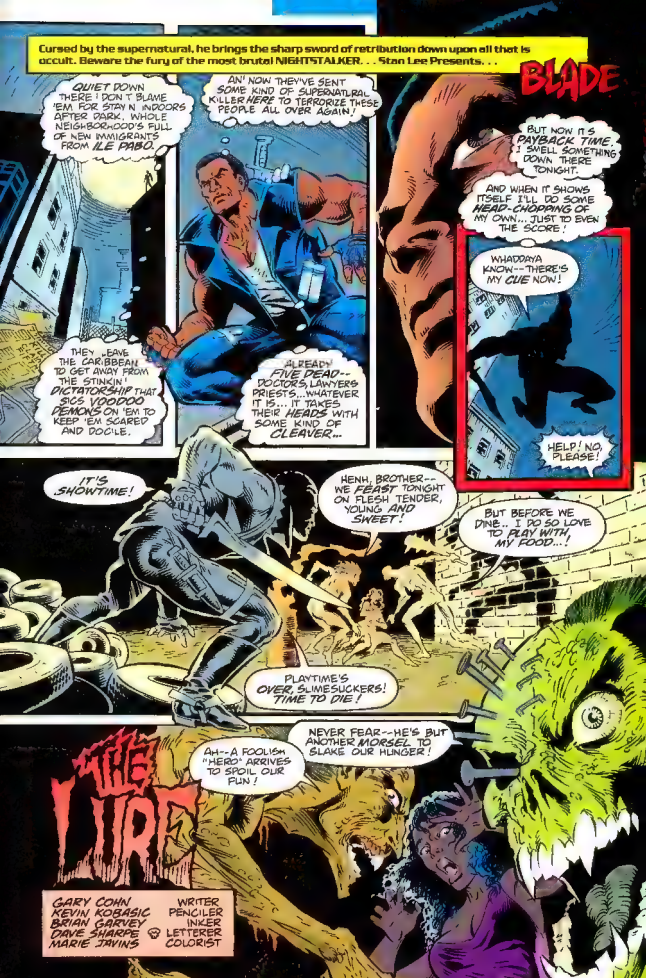
AE RAASH
RIZZOLI... DEAD..
SAME FOR THE RADIO.
LOOK! OVER THERE!
RIOTERS! GOTTA GET AWAY!
FEEL... STRANGE... MUST BE THE CRASH..
UUUNG!
FEEL THE FEAR! LET IT FEED YOU, YOUR MAJESTY!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?!
ALMOST EVERYONE HOSTS A TROID INSIDE. BUT THOSE FEW WHO DON'T...
...THEY HOST TROID QUEENS.
HUGE BEINGS WITH MILLIONS OF EGGS. AND YOU SPAWN SO WELL, FRANK.
NOOOO!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
SPOOSH!


PLEASE -- YOU HAVE TO BEAT ME!
HIT ME, KICK ME, BEAT IT OUT OF ME!
CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?!
SHOOT! WE ALL RAN OUT HERE TO HELP WHOEVER WAS IN THAT CAR WRECK--
-- BUT THIS FOOL'S CRAZY -- CAN'T SEE NUTHIN' WRONG WITH HIM!
I CAN PROVE IT!
THIS PAGE STARTED IT ALL! CAN'T YOU SEE?!
ALL I SEE IS A SCREAMING WACKO AND I AIN'T NO BUTCHER...
.. I'M JUST A CONSTRUCTION WORKER.
AND I'M JUST A PARALEGAL...
.. I DON'T BEAT HELPLESS PEOPLE. I LEAVE THAT TO THE EXPERTS...
..LIKE YOU.
PLEASE... YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE'S LEFT... YOU'VE GOT TO BEAT IT OUT OF ME!

IT CAN'T GET PAST THE SKIN!
ODD..
NEITHER CAN YOU
WAIT! COME BACK!
YOU-- I'M A POLICE OFFICER!! I'M ORDERING YOU TO BEAT ME!!
CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I CAN FEEL IT GROWING!
HUGE. MILLIONS OF EGGS..
IT'S INSIDE ME--
AND I CAN'T GET IT OUT!
END OF TAPE
WHIRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
KLIK

Cursed by the supernatural, he brings the sharp sword of retribution down upon all that is occult. Beware the fury of the most brutal NIGHTSTALKER. . . Stan Lee Presents. . .

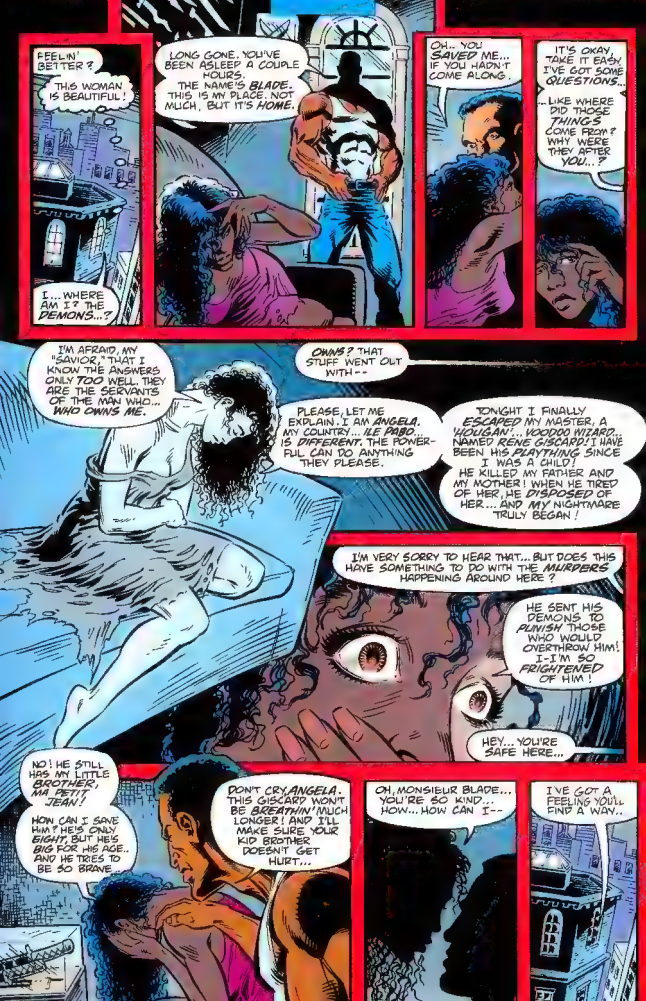
BLADE


QUIET DOWN THERE! I DON'T BLAME 'EM FOR STAYIN' INDOORS AFTER DARK. WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD'S FULL O' NEW IMMIGRANTS FROM ILE PABO.
AW! NOW THEY'VE SENT SOME KIND OF SUPERNATURAL KILLER HERE TO TERRORIZE THESE PEOPLE ALL OVER AGAIN!
BUT NOW IT'S PAYBACK TIME. I SMELL SOMETHING DOWN THERE TONIGHT.
AND WHEN IT SHOWS ITSELF I'LL DO SOME HEAD-CHOPPING OF MY OWN... JUST TO EVEN THE SCORE!
WHADDYA KNOW--THERE'S MY CUE NOW!
HELP! NO, PLEASE!
THEY LEAVE THE CARIBBEAN TO GET AWAY FROM THE STINKIN' DICTATORSHIP THAT SICS VOODOO DEMONS ON 'EM TO KEEP 'EM SCARED AND DOCILE.
ALREADY FIVE DEAD--DOCTORS, LAWYERS PRIESTS...WHATEVER IT IS... IT TAKES THEIR HEADS WITH SOME KIND OF CLEAVER...
IT'S SHOWTIME!
HEHH, BROTHER--WE FEAST TONIGHT ON FLESH TENDER, YOUNG AND SWEET!
BUT BEFORE WE DINE.. I DO SO LOVE TO PLAY WITH MY FOOD...
PLAYTIME'S OVER, SLIMESUCKERS! TIME TO DIE!
AH--A FOOLISH "HERO" ARRIVES TO SPOIL OUR FUN!
NEVER FEAR--HE'S BUT ANOTHER MORSEL TO SLAKE OUR HUNGER!

THE LURE

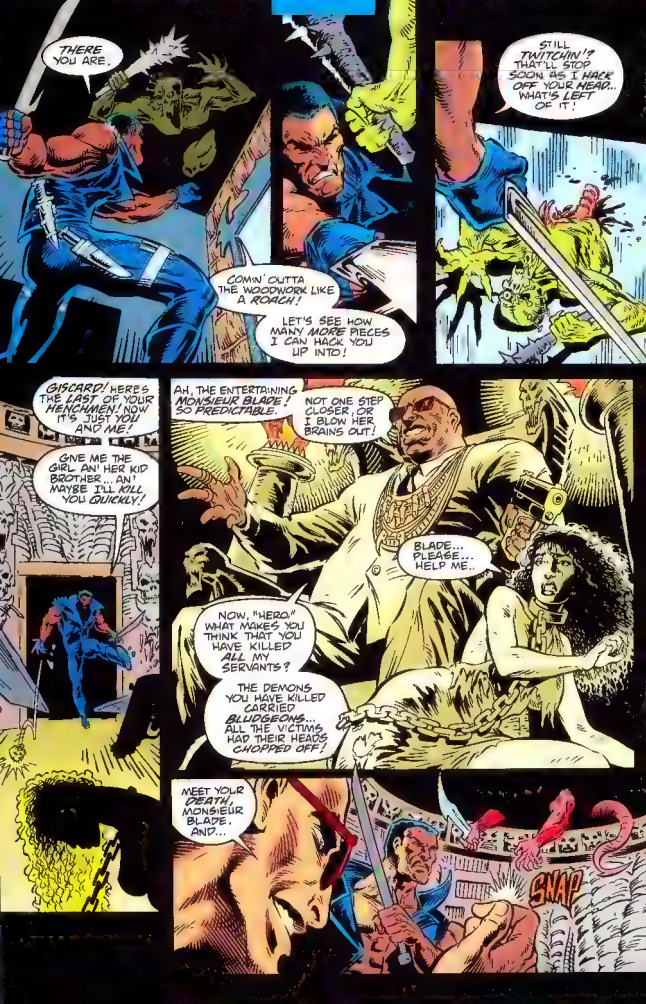
GARY COHN	WRITER
KEVIN KOBASIC	PENCILER
BRIAN GARVEY	INKER
DAVE SHARPE &	LETTERER
MARIE JAVINS	COLORIST

MMM MMMMFFF
Y'KNOW, BOLT-FACE, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE GONNA BE ABLE TO EAT MUCH OF ANYTHING...
...WITHOUT A LOWER JAW!
AARGGHH! PAIN, BROTHER! PAIN!
NO FAIR, HAIRY--- SNEAKIN' UP AIN'T ALLOWED!
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, NAIL-HEAD? NO SNAPPY ANSWER FOR YOUR PAL? GUESS IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO---
--WHOA! CAN'T GET THROUGH THE FLAMES!
THEY RECOVER QUICK! STAY HERE, MISS, I'M GONNA GO AFTER 'EM..
NO, WAIT PLEASE, I
..UHHH.
YOU PICKED THE WRONG TIME TO FAINT..


FEELIN' BETTER?
THIS WOMAN IS BEAUTIFUL!
I...WHERE AM I? THE DEMONS...?
LONG GONE. YOU'VE BEEN ASLEEP A COUPLE HOURS. THE NAME'S BLADE. THIS IS MY PLACE. NOT MUCH, BUT IT'S HOME.
OH.. YOU SAVED ME.. IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG..
IT'S OKAY, TAKE IT EASY. I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS..
...LIKE WHERE DID THOSE THINGS COME FROM? WHY WERE THEY AFTER YOU...?
I'M AFRAID, MY "SAVIOR," THAT I KNOW THE ANSWERS ONLY TOO WELL. THEY ARE THE SERVANTS OF THE MAN WHO... WHO OWNS ME.
OWNS? THAT STUFF WENT OUT WITH--
PLEASE, LET ME EXPLAIN. I AM ANGELA. MY COUNTRY... EL RIO... IS DIFFERENT. THE POWERFUL CAN DO ANYTHING THEY PLEASE.
TONIGHT I FINALLY ESCAPED MY MASTER, A 'LOUGAN'... VOODOO WIZARD... NAMED RENE GISCARD! I HAVE BEEN HIS PLAYTHING SINCE I WAS A CHILD! HE KILLED MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER! WHEN HE TIRED OF HER, HE DISPOSED OF HER... AND MY NIGHTMARE TRULY BEGAN!
I'M VERY SORRY TO HEAR THAT... BUT DOES THIS HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE MURDERS HAPPENING AROUND HERE?
HE SENT HIS DEMONS TO PUNISH THOSE WHO WOULD OVERTHROW HIM! I--I'M SO FRIGHTENED OF HIM!
HEY... YOU'RE SAFE HERE...
NO! HE STILL HAS MY LITTLE BROTHER, MY PET! JEAN!
HOW CAN I SAVE HIM? HE'S ONLY EIGHT, BUT HE'S BIG FOR HIS AGE.. AND HE TRIES TO BE SO BRAVE...
DON'T CRY, ANGELA. THIS GISCARD WON'T BE BOTHERIN' MUCH LONGER! AND I'LL MAKE SURE YOUR KID BROTHER DOESN'T GET HURT...
OH, MONSIEUR BLADE... YOU'RE SO KIND... HOW... HOW CAN I--
I'VE GOT A FEELING YOU'LL FIND A WAY..

WHAT A NIGHT! POOR ANGELA REALLY NEEDS SOMEONE TO TAKE CARE--
--EH..?
THE NEXT MORNING...
ANGELA? IS THAT YOU?
DID SHE GIVE YOU PLEASURE, SWORD WIELDER?
IT WAS THE LAST YOU SHALL EVER KNOW!
BUT I PROMISE YOU, SHE WILL BRING ME MUCH PLEASURE...
SMMMSH!
...AS SHE DIES!
Y'KNOW, GRUESOME, YOU'RE THE MOST TALKATIVE DEMON I'VE EVER MET!
EEYAAAHHH!
BUT THIS OUGHTA SHUT YOU UP!
THESE THINGS ALWAYS COME BACK UNLESS YOU CUT THEIR HEADS OFF!
HEY ANGELA, YOU OKAY..?
SHE'S GONE! BOLT-FACE MUSTA BEEN HERE TOO!
I PROMISED HER I'D PROTECT HER...!

TOOK ALL DAY TO TRACK GISCARD DOWN TO THIS MANSION HERE ON BEACON HILL.
HMM. THIS PLACE'S CROWLIN' WITH "TONTON MACOUTE" TYPES.
TOO BAD FOR THEM!
TONIGHT BE QUIET AS A TOMB, MON!
SURE, MON--NOBODY IN HIS RIGHT MIND COME UP HERE!
YEAH, "MON"--BUT THAT STILL LETS IN ALL US LUNATICS!
YAHH! I STABBED! I DYIN'!
HE'S TOO FAST--CAN'T GET A BEAD ON...YAAAH!
BOLT-FACE TOOK ANGELA THIS WAY--
--I CAN "SMELL" THE SUPERNATURAL STENCH!
UP THERE...
'SCUSE ME, PAL--YOU'RE IN MY WAY!
URK!
SOMETHING'S AT THE TOP OF THESE STAIRS--I CAN FEEL IT!
--MY MISTAKE. NOW IT'S ALL CLEAR!
NOW WHERE...?
HOPE IT'S ALL CLEAR FROM HERE ON--

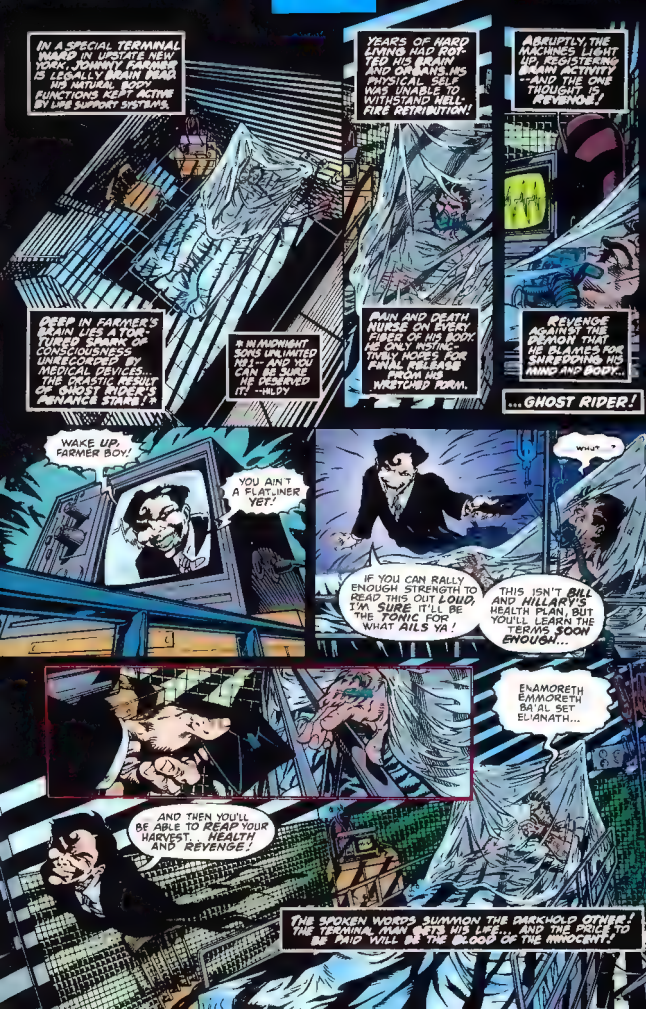

THERE YOU ARE.
COMIN' OUTTA THE WOODWORK LIKE A ROACH!
LET'S SEE HOW MANY MORE PIECES I CAN HACK YOU UP INTO!
STILL TWITCHIN'? THAT'LL STOP SOON, AS I HACK OFF YOUR HEAD... WHAT'S LEFT OF IT!
GISCARD! HERE'S THE LAST OF YOUR HENCHMEN! NOW IT'S JUST YOU AND ME!
GIVE ME THE GIRL AN' HER KID BROTHER... AN' MAYBE I'LL KILL YOU QUICKLY!
AH, THE ENTERTAINING MONSIEUR BLADE! SO PREDICTABLE.
NOT ONE STEP CLOSER, OR I BLOW HER BRAINS OUT!
BLADE... PLEASE... HELP ME..
NOW, "HERO," WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT YOU HAVE KILLED ALL MY SERVANTS?
THE DEMONS YOU HAVE KILLED CARRIED BLUDGEONS... ALL THE VICTIMS HAD THEIR HEADS CHOPPED OFF!
MEET YOUR DEATH, MONSIEUR BLADE. AND...
SNAP

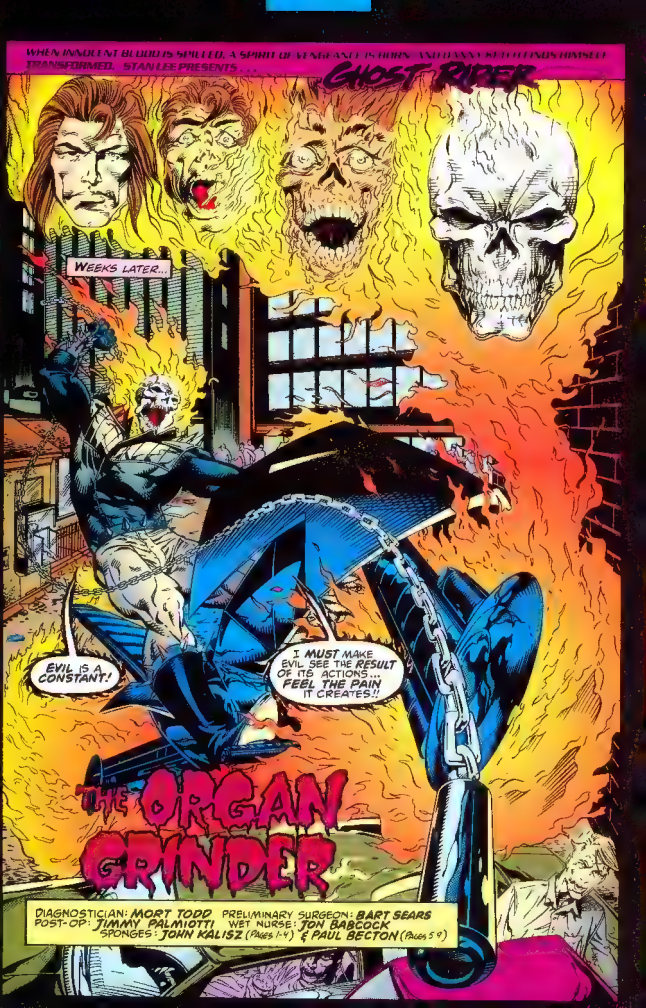
"...MEET THE TAKER OF HEADS!"
HEH, YOU DIE SUCK BRAIN
HEH, FIGHT FUN KILL
IT'S AN EXCEPTIONALLY UGLY BEAST, GISCARD---I'LL GIVE IT THAT!
WHAT IS IT WITH YOUR DEMONS, GISCARD? CAN'T ANY OF THEM SHUT UP?
OOOHH PAIN
SWEET BLOOD
KILL PAIN
BLOOD PAIN
LET'S SEE IF I CAN T...
...YEARGH!
THAT'S ENOUGH, BLADE! I CANNOT HAVE YOU DAMAGING MY MOST VALUABLE SERVANT! ONE SHOT AND IT'S ALL OVER...
IN YOUR DREAMS, BALDY!

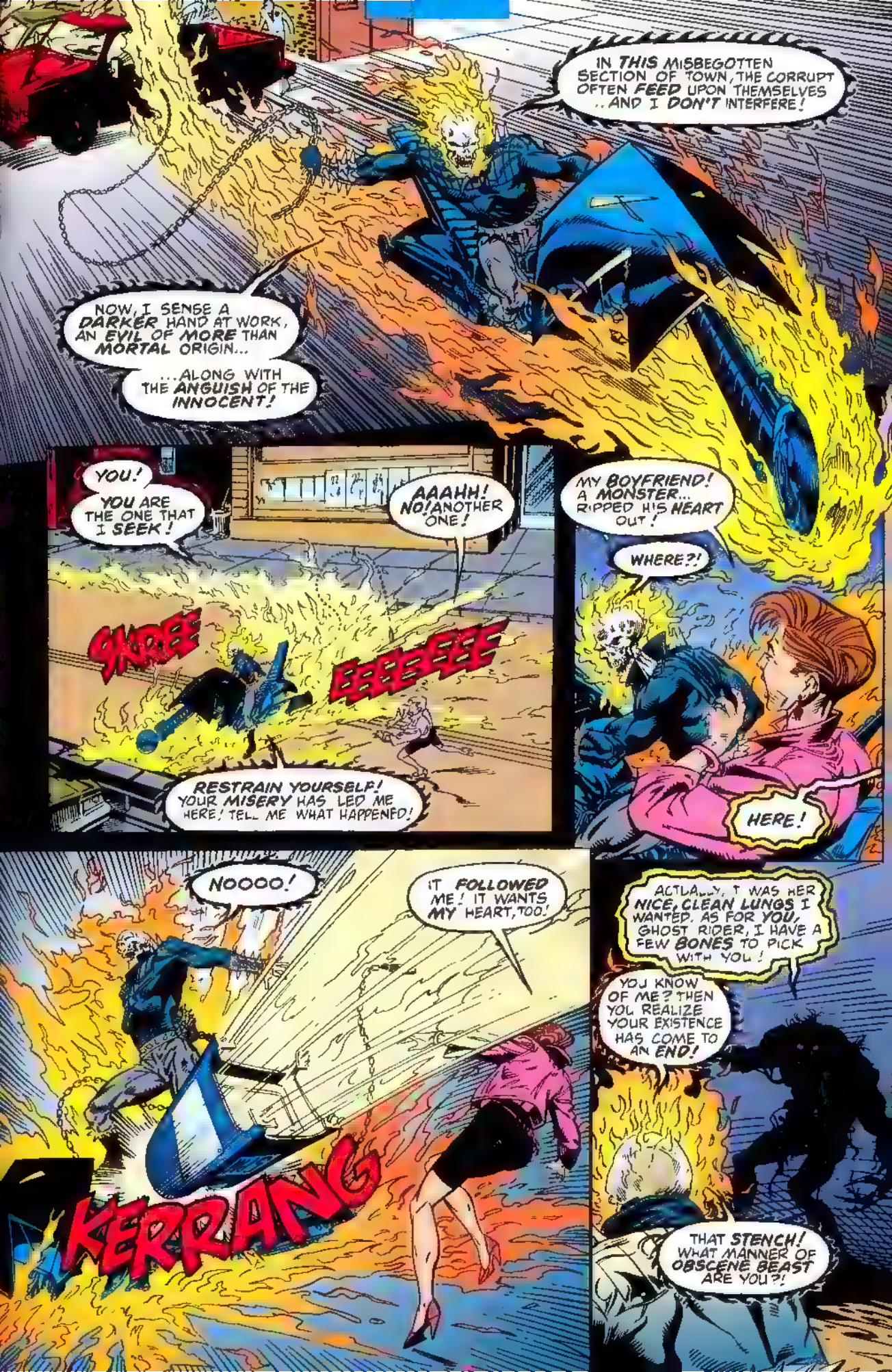
THE ONLY ONES WHO WILL DIE HERE ARE YOU AND YOUR MONSTER!
NO STAY AWAY
YOU MOVE FAST FOR AN OLD LARD BUCKET...!
BUT AT LEAST NOW I CAN FREE ANGELA! GO, ANGELA! FIND YOUR BROTHER!
YEHH BROTHER PETIT JEAN!
HOLY--! THAT BLOW SNAPPED MY SHORT SWORD LIKE A TWIG! WHAT'S HIS BLADE MADE OF?
COME ON, YOU MONSTER, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? LET'S FINISH THIS!
FINISH ANGELA'S SISTER
WHAT ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT... AAAGHHH!
YOU...?
DON'T YOU DARE HARM MA PETIT JEAN!
THIS THING IS YOUR BABY BROTHER!?
I TOLD YOU HE IS BIG FOR HIS AGE!

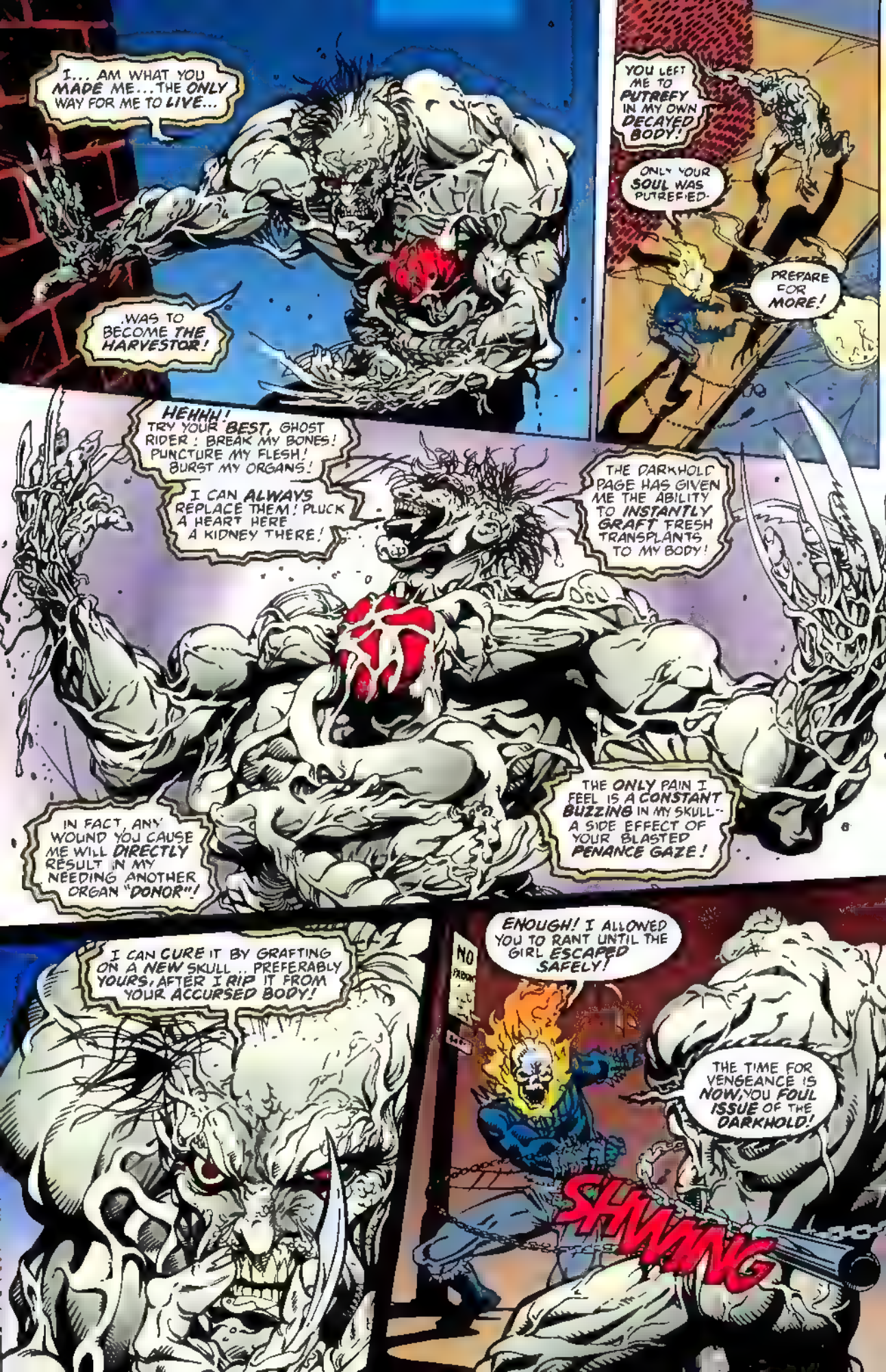
ACTUALLY, MY FRIEND, PETIT JEAN IS ANGE...A'S HALF BROTHER THEY HAD THE SAME MOTHER, BUT HIS FATHER WAS A LOA -- A VOODOO GOD!
MOTHER GOOD!
YOU SEE, HE REMEMBERS HIS BIRTH WELL...WHEN HE TORE HIS WAY OUT OF HIS MOTHER'S BODY!
SO THIS WAS ALL A SET-UP! THE GIRL WAS BAIT! BUT WHAT FOR?!
FOR A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY!
IN ADDITION TO DOING MY PATRIOTIC DUTY AND ELIMINATING THE ENEMIES OF MY COUNTRY, SOMETIMES I TAKE INDEPENDENT CONTRACTS!
YOU WOULD BE SURPRISED HOW MUCH YOUR ENEMIES, D.O.A. ARE WILLING TO PAY FOR YOUR DEATH!
I KNEW YOU WOULD BE MORE SUSCEPTIBLE TO ANGELA'S CHARMS THAN EITHER OF YOUR PARTNERS! AND SO, HERE WE ARE... KILL HIM NOW, PETIT JEAN!
HEHA! KILL HIM!
NOT IF I GET YOU FIRST!
LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU FIGHT WHEN YOU'RE BLIND IN ONE EYE!
EVERRGH!!
IF I CAN JUST GET TO MY SWORD...
NO, YOU FOOL. WATCH OUT... AKK!
HAH! NOT FAST ENOUGH, HELLSPAWN!
YOUR TURN, "LITTLE JOHN"! JOIN YOUR MASTER!

AMAZING... CHOPPING THEIR HEADS OFF WORKS EVERY TIME.
YOU.. YOU KILLED THEM BOTH..!
AND NOW, "SWEET ANGELA"-- WHAT DO I DO ABOUT YOU?
M-MERCY! GISCARD MADE ME DO IT-- I WAS SO SCARED. BUT NOW I'M FREE! PLEASE..?
MAYBE IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT..
...MAYBE YOU REALLY ARE A VICTIM. YOU WERE JUST A CHILD WHEN GISCARD ENSLAVED YOU... MAYBE..
YOU WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO FIND OUT!
NOW YOU WILL DIE FOR KILLING MY DEAR LITTLE BROTHER!
I DON'T THINK SO.
ANGELS AND DEVILS.. IT'S GETTING HARD TO TELL WHICH IS WHICH!
PERHAPS THERE AREN'T ANY ANGELS LEFT! PERHAPS ALL THAT'S LEFT ARE DEVILS AND KILLERS...
...LIKE ME!
END


IN A SPECIAL TERMINAL WARD IN UPSTATE NEW YORK, JOHNNY FARMER IS LEGALLY BRAIN DEAD. HIS NATURAL BODY FUNCTIONS KEPT ACTIVE BY LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS.
YEARS OF HARD LIVING HAD ROTTED HIS BRAIN AND ORGANS. HIS PHYSICAL SELF WAS UNABLE TO WITHSTAND HELL-FIRE RETRIBUTION!
ABRUPTLY, THE MACHINE'S LIGHT UP, REGISTERING ACTIVITY --AND THE ONE THOUGHT IS REVENGE!
DEEP IN FARMER'S BRAIN, WHERE THE TORTURED SPARK OF CONSCIOUSNESS LINGERS ON... BODY, MEDICAL DEVICES... THE DRASTIC RESULT OF A GHOST RIDER'S ADVANCE STARE!?
* IN MIDNIGHT SONS UNLIMITED #21 -- AND YOU CAN BE SURE HE DESERVED IT! --HLDY
PAIN AND DEATH NURSE ON EVERY FIBER OF HIS BODY. HE DOES NOT EVEN TRULY HOPES FOR FINAL RELEASE FROM HIS WRETCHED FORM.
REVENGE AGAINST THE DEMON THAT HE BLAMES FOR ENSLAVING HIS MIND AND BODY...
...GHOST RIDER!
WAKE UP, FARMER BOY!
YOU AIN'T A FLATLINER YET!
WHAT...?
IF YOU CAN RALLY ENOUGH STRENGTH TO READ THIS OUT LOUD, I'M SURE IT'LL BE THE TONIC FOR WHAT AILS YA!
THIS ISN'T BILL AND HILLARY'S HEALTH PLAN, BUT YOU'LL LEARN THE TERMS SOON ENOUGH...
ENAMORETH EMMORETH BA'AL SET ELIANATH...
AND THEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO REAP YOUR HARVEST... HEALTH! AND REVENGE!
THE SPOKEN WORDS SUMMON THE DARKHOLD OTHER! THE TERMINAL MAN GETS HIS LIFE... AND THE PRICE TO BE PAID WILL BE THE BLOOD OF THE INNOCENT!


WHEN INNOCENT BLOOD IS SPILLED, A SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE IS BORN... AND WHEN SET TO EVIL ENDS IS IMPELLED TRANSFORMED... STAN LEE PRESENTS...
GHOST RIDER
WEEKS LATER...
EVIL IS A CONSTANT!
I MUST MAKE EVIL SEE THE RESULT OF ITS ACTIONS... FEEL THE PAIN IT CREATES!!
THE ORGAN GRINDER
DIAGNOSTICIAN: MORT TODD PRELIMINARY SURGEON: BART SEARS
POST-OP: JIMMY PALMIOTTI WET NURSE: JON BABCOCK
SPONGES: JOHN KALISZ (Pages 1-4) & PAUL BECTON (Pages 5-9)


IN THIS MISBEGOTTEN SECTION OF TOWN, THE CORRUPT OFTEN FEED UPON THEMSELVES ..AND I DON'T INTERFERE!
NOW, I SENSE A DARKER HAND AT WORK, AN EVIL OF MORE THAN MORTAL ORIGIN...
...ALONG WITH THE ANGUISH OF THE INNOCENT!
YOU! YOU ARE THE ONE THAT I SEEK!
AAAHH! NO! ANOTHER ONE!
SKREE
EEEEEEE
RESTRAIN YOURSELF! YOUR MISERY HAS LED ME HERE! TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED!
MY BOYFRIEND! A MONSTER... RIPPED HIS HEART OUT!
WHERE?!
HERE!
NOOOO!
IT FOLLOWED ME! IT WANTS MY HEART, TOO!
KERRANG
ACTUALLY, I WAS HER NICE, CLEAN LUNGS I WANTED. AS FOR YOU, GHOST RIDER, I HAVE A FEW BONES TO PICK WITH YOU!
YOU KNOW OF ME? THEN YOU REALIZE YOUR EXISTENCE HAS COME TO AN END!
THAT STENCH! WHAT MANNER OF OBSCENE BEAST ARE YOU?!


I... AM WHAT YOU MADE ME... THE ONLY WAY FOR ME TO LIVE...
.WAS TO BECOME THE HARVESTOR!
YOU LEFT ME TO PUTREFY IN MY OWN DECAYED BODY!
ONLY YOUR SOUL WAS PUTREFIED.
PREPARE FOR MORE!
HEHHH! TRY YOUR BEST, GHOST RIDER : BREAK MY BONES! PUNCTURE MY FLESH! BURST MY ORGANS!
I CAN ALWAYS REPLACE THEM! PLUCK A HEART HERE A KIDNEY THERE!
THE DARKHOLD PAGE HAS GIVEN ME THE ABILITY TO INSTANTLY GRAFT FRESH TRANSPLANTS TO MY BODY!
IN FACT, ANY WOUND YOU CAUSE ME WILL DIRECTLY RESULT IN MY NEEDING ANOTHER ORGAN "DONOR"!
THE ONLY PAIN I FEEL IS A CONSTANT BUZZING IN MY SKULL-- A SIDE EFFECT OF YOUR BLASTED PENANCE GAZE!
I CAN CURE IT BY GRAFTING ON A NEW SKULL.. PREFERABLY YOURS, AFTER I RIP IT FROM YOUR ACCURSED BODY!
ENOUGH! I ALLOWED YOU TO RANT UNTIL THE GIRL ESCAPED SAFELY!
THE TIME FOR VENGEANCE IS NOW, YOU FOUL ISSUE OF THE DARKHOLD!
SHWANG

VENGEANCE, YES--FOR ME ...NOT YOU!
BESIDES, DON'T YOU HELP PEOPLE IN NEED?!
WELL, I NEED A SKULL!
YOUR SPEED AND STRENGTH CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD, ABERRATION! I WON'T ALLOW A SECOND INSULT!
HAVE YOU SIGNED YOUR DONOR CARD, GHOSTIE? I HOPE SO--
--'CAUSE YOU WON'T BE NEEDING ALL THE PARTS I BREAK OFF!
KKRAAMM
AARRRGH!
BABABAROOM
OOPS!
LOOKS LIKE I WAS PLAYING TOO HARD AND BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN!
Hmmm. HIS SKULL CAN'T BE OF ANY USE TO ME NOW THAT IT'S IN A MILLION PIECES!
OH, WELL! THERE ARE PLENTY OF OTHER SKULLS AROUND!
MAYBE I'LL GET A FASHION MODEL'S ...I'D LIKE TO HAVE HIGH CHEEKBONES!
KRUMBLE

I...AM...VERY UNHAPPY...
GHOST RIDER IS THE VIRTUAL EMBODIMENT OF THE AVENGING SPIRIT.
THROUGH AN ERROR IN JUDGEMENT, THE RIDER HAS BEEN HUMILIATED... MOMENTARILY!
LIKE THE FORCE OF THE SUPERNATURAL HE IS, HE RISES...
MY ENCOUNTERS WITH THE DARKWOLD OTHER HAVE BEEN FREQUENT OF LATE...
...BECAUSE THE FINAL WORD IN RETRIBUTION IS GHOST RIDER'S!
...TOO FREQUENT.
THE LEGION OF HEINOUS MONSTERS THAT SPRING FROM THAT BOOK OF SINS APPEARS INEXHAUSTIBLE.
NEVERTHELESS, WHILE I STILL EXIST...
YURRRR-GGKKK
THE GUILTY MUST SUFFER!
SQULURSH

HE SQUIRMED OUT OF MY GRIP WITH THAT VISCID EXTERIOR OF HIS!
PWAP
CAN'T YOU GET A GRIP?!
I'M GLAD YOU'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE, GHOST RIDER! LIKE I SAID I COULD USE THAT CRANIUM OF YOURS!
BUT CHECK THAT BRAIN AT THE DOOR ... YOU'VE GOT A ONE TRACK MIND...
VENGEANCE!
AN OBVIOUS TRAP! IT MUST BE HIS BASE OF OPERATIONS
THE RIPE STENCH OF DEATH RADIATES FROM THE BUILDING!
HARVESTOR!
FACE ME... AND THE INEVITABLE!
I HEAR A LOT OF SQUAWKING FROM THAT FLAMING NOGGIN OF YOURS!
LET'S SEE HOW YOUR MYSTICAL POWERS MATCH UP AGAINST MY BOOSTROVED FLESH, BONE AND MUSCLE..
... ALL ANIMATED COURTESY OF PURE...
... UNADULTERATED...
...EVIL!!
AND KNOW AS I'M KILLING YOU, IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! YOUR FAULT I SUFFERED ... YOUR FAULT I'M LIKE THIS! YOU LEFT ME NO CHOICE!
EVERYONE HAS CHOICE OVER THEIR ACTIONS-- WHETHER THEY ADMIT IT, OR--
--THE FLOOR!
KA-KRUMBLE
FOR SOMEONE WHO LOOKS SO CULTURED, GHOST RIDER, YOU SURE CAN BE NAIVE!

THIS IS JUST THE QUICKEST WAY TO MY... HARVESTING GROUND!
THIS IS WHERE I KEEP MY SPARE PARTS!
KRAAK
YOU ARE BEYOND OBSCENE... THESE PEOPLE ARE... ALIVE?!
OF COURSE! IT'S THE BEST WAY TO KEEP THE ORGANS FRESH UNTIL I NEED TO HARVEST THEM!
NOW, ABOUT THAT FINE SKULL OF YOURS! HMM... I'LL TAKE YOUR SPINE, TOO!
KRIK
FSSSSSS
SO WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY BEFORE I RIP YOUR HEAD OFF?
THIS! LOOK INTO MY EYES.
FSSSSHKKK
THOUGH YOU ARE SOULLESS NOW, DO YOU STILL REMEMBER THE PAIN MY EYES DELIVER?!
FSSSSS

LIVE THE PAIN OF ALL WHO SUFFERED BY YOUR HAND!
N-NO!! NOT AGAIN!
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!
YOU'LL NEVER--
AS MUCH AS I'VE SWORN TO KILL NO HUMAN, YOU ARE SOMETHING MORE... AND QUITE LESS...
GOT TO ...RUN!
LET ME GO!
HEY! I NEED THAT!
DON'T PULL AT ME!
LEAVE ME ALONE!
NO! URRK!
THE INTENDED ORGAN DONORS TEAR AND CLAW AT THEIR CAPTOR IN A DESPERATE BID FOR FREEDOM...
YAIII-EEEEEE!
THE PATCHWORK MAN IS RENDERED ASUNDER, HIS ILL-GOTTEN VISCERA THROWN ABOUT, UNTIL...
...VENGEANCE IS REALIZED IN THE DEATH HOUSE OF THE HARVESTOR.
AS GHOST RIDER GOES THROUGH THE GRIM TASK OF HELPING THE MONSTER'S VICTIMS, HE NOTES TO HIMSELF THAT THE DARKHOLD HAS HAD FREE REIN FOR TOO LONG.
FOR AS LONG AS THERE IS EVIL LIKE THE DARKHOLD IN THIS WORLD...
...THERE WILL BE A NEED FOR THE GHOST RIDER!

GOMEZ 1993